

Fawin tae bits.

I often quote the novelist William McIlvanney who said that old age consists of a series of ambushes.

It fairly caught me on the hop,
When something in ma knee went “pop”.
The jint cracks noo whenever I bend it,
I doot ma dancin days are endit.
The day draws near tae caw it quits;
Eh, dearie me, I’m fawin tae bits!

Ma skin wis soople and elastic,
But noo the least wee scart is drastic.
A touch wounds like a blade or scraper,
The skin juist teirs like tissue paper.
The day draws near tae caw it quits;
Eh, dearie me, I’m fawin tae bits.

Last week ma shooders popped as weel.
Apart fae ony pain I feel,
There’s nae chance noo o heavy liftin,
Sae dae it yersel if stuff needs shiftin!
The day draws near tae caw it quits;
Eh, dearie me, I’m fawin tae bits!

As for the drink, it’s hard admittin
I could scoff eicht pints at a sittin;
But beer noo three pints is enough o,
On fower I’ll get pished as a guffie!
The day draws near tae caw it quits;
Eh, dearie me, I’m fawin tae bits.

The signs are there for me tae tell by,
Baith body an brain aw erse for elbae;
But still I press intae the fray,
There’s little else a man can dae.
It’s no time yet tae caw it quits,
But, dearie me, I’m fawin tae bits!